Tribute to Old Lancaster

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Tribute to Old Lancaster

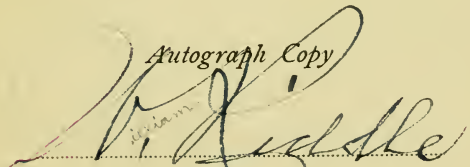
CITY — COUNTY

Pennsylvania

Dedicated to the Friends
of the
Lancaster County Historical Society

SECOND EDITION

Autograph Copy



1908

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L. B. Herr Print
Lancaster, Pa.

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Preface

In launching this small volume of verses on the turbulent sea of a capricious public sentiment, the writer makes no pretense to courting that jealous mistress, Poetic Genius. If, during his quieter moments, his mind has reverted back to his early boyhood days, recalling many a little episode of childhood to those who have made Lancaster city or county their abiding place, as well as to those to the manner born, the effort can in no way be attributed to any other than a desire to perpetuate in rhyme every foot of Lancaster county's historic ground.

In the two centuries which have elapsed, her brave pioneers, hardy frontiersmen, and gallant soldiers, have left behind a rich legacy of courage and patriotic devotion to Freedom's cause. Equally, in times of peace, have her inventors, artists and men of letters, embellished the pages of our Historical Society with fruit worthy of preservation.

To the reader devoid of sentiment—the fountain-head from which the love of country springs—the contents of this volume will prove of little value. For those only, whose minds are not wholly absorbed in things material to their own personal welfare, have these lines been written.

In the language of the poet:

"In dust lies genius and glory,
But ev'ry-day talent will pay.
It's only the old, old story,
But the piece is repeated each day."

AUTHOR.

Introduction

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his title, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Walter Scott.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE. 1787-1853

SEE PAGE 23

Tribute to Old Lancaster

OLD Lancaster! this is my theme;
Call it a vision or a dream;
An old familiar name most dear;
And one that we should e'er revere.
A name we mention with delight;
Given by good old Quaker Wright,
Who lived beloved, who died at last,
Without a cloud to dim his past.

Old Lancaster! Prim and sedate;
The glory of the Keystone State;
For you we toil with earnest zeal,
Some hidden treasures to reveal.
We search the records of the past,
For some old souvenir that was cast,
Maybe, in some forgotten nook,
Where one would seldom think to look.

Old Lancaster! Is it too late
In this year, nineteen hundred eight,
To say a word, to write a line,
Of that early, afar-off time?
Is it too late to resurrect,
And in these pages here collect,
The thing that will perpetuate
Our good old city, county, State?

Old Lancaster! We want to know
More of this town of long ago;
Of "Who was Who;" some one to name
All the great women known to fame.
All the great mother-pioneers—
Who, 'way back in the early years—
In times of peace, in times of war,
Much of life's heavy burden bore.

Old Lancaster ! Proud inland shire,
The home-town of a great empire ;
Whose smiling acres in their pride
Are to be seen on every side ;
'Twas here the homeless found redress,
In a wild, unknown wilderness ;
Free from the Old World's bigotry,
Free to enjoy their liberty.

Old Lancaster ! Could you find speech,
To tell of all within your reach ;
What a story might yet be told,
Of those historic days of old ;
Of Washington and Lafayette—
Of others we can ne'er forget—
Who started forth at Freedom's call,
To act their part, to stand or fall.

PENN SQUARE

SEE PAGE 19

Old Lancaster ! Your magic hand
Once swayed a patriotic band
Of toilers who, from o'er the sea,
Came to this town of Liberty.
Here, on this favored spot of earth,
We claim that Freedom had its birth,
Long years before the "State-House" bell
Pealed forth its ringing, warning knell.

Old home-like town ! This tribute we
Unselfishly extend to thee !
A tribute which will e'er remain
An honor to your own fair name.
And now, as we this homage pay,
We shall have something more to say,
Of days when you your valor won,
In other years now past and gone.

Old Lancaster ! It still would seem,
We have your Duke, Prince, King and Queen;
Memorial to England's Crown,
When first you came to this old town.
Lone sentinels, they point the way,
Lest some-some strange stroller go astray.
Familiar names ! how oft they bring
Thoughts of old Brittannia's King.

They'd been with you for many years,
Sharing alike your hopes and fears ;
But when the "Declaration" came
They changed in thought, if not in name.
So let these sentinels endure,
As bright, as cherished, and as pure,
As when first they were handed down
To mark the streets of this old town.

THE CATHARINE LONG HOME

SEE PAGE 27

Old Lancaster ! Ah, happy thought !
To think what changes time hath wrought !
In planting 'round "The Hick'ry Tree"
A small, belated colony.
Yes ; some will smile, and others frown ;
But this is still the same old town ;
A change or so made here or there,
Extending out from Centre Square.

Old home-like town ! It's a long time,
Since seventeen hundred, twenty-nine,
When plans were laid aud treaties made
To extend your commercial trade.
For one long century or more,
You patiently these hardships bore ;
But now you need a wider scope
To make this town our future hope.

You need to grow from East to West—
From North to South, as may seem best ;
With this extended, broad domain,
'Tis hoped your prestige you'll retain.
So, let the Board of Trade unite
In battling yearly for the right ;
Until at last all may concur,
In making this New Lancaster.

Old Lancaster ! Mark how you grew
From what was Old to what is New ;
Your habits, customs—they have gone—
And yet the sun has ever shone
As brightly as in days of yore ;
But what is better still, and more—
Plenty has come ; few to complain,
For want of sunshine or of rain.

Old Lancaster! Our heartstrings cling
To songs our mothers used to sing;
Those old-time hymns of childish glee,
When rocked to sleep upon her knee.
Yes; still they come and still they go
Like dewdrops falling here below;
Sweet music as we all grow old;
Still sweeter as the heart grows cold.

Old Lancaster! We sound your praise,
For length of years, for peaceful days—
For home and friends and fireside—
For Easter-Day and Christmas-tide.
For all the many goodly things
Which honest labor always brings
We love your Anglo-Saxon name—
With it the dawn of Freedom came.

POSTLETHWAITE, FIRST COURT HELD 1730

SEE PAGE 31

Old Lancaster! Of bygone days,
With your slow-going, easy ways!
Let us draw from history's page
The name of poet, artist, sage.
For we can ne'er forget the men
Who followed Quaker William Penn,
To found this town and here retain
Their honored names without a stain.

Old Lancaster! None can recall
Your early settlers, great or small;
Your first Court House; your men of state,
Who therein used to congregate,
To fight the battles of the day,
Dressing in garment bright and gay;
Who lingered 'round the "Grape" hotel,
Their many wondrous tales to tell.

Old Lancaster ! Your sacred bells !
How each old tune within me dwells !
The same as in those early times
When first we heard Trinity's chimes.
The bells ! The bells ! Oh, let them ring ;
For sweet reminders they oft bring
Of some beloved parson, divine,
Whom once we knew in olden time.

Yes, yes, old town, your bells have won
A place for you in Christendom ;
In human hearts they've touched a chord,
With inspiration from the Lord ;
As down throughout the century
They've proved to man a legacy,
So let the bells with merry cheer
Ring out glad tidings year by year.

"INDIAN ROCK" ON THE CONESTOGA

SEE PAGE 39

Old Lancaster ! We love to roam
Around about the new "Long Home ;"
To think, 'twas woman's sacrifice
That made this place a Paradise.
To found a "Home"—to aid the poor—
Out of decedent's ample store—
Is but to leave a name behind—
One to be cherished by mankind.

Old Lancaster ! Happily rest,
The givers of a small bequest—
A little something that will tend
To aid and serve an aged friend.
Such cheerful deeds of kindliness,
In aid of those now in distress,
Will live beloved, will e'er remain,
Bright jewel to a worthy name.

Old Lancaster ! Your churches, schools !
Wherein love reigns and virtue rules ;
See how they've multiplied and grown
Since the first Christian seed was sown.
And as they stood in olden time
They stand to-day, a sacred shrine ;
Emblems of what our lives should be
When full of love and charity.

Old Lancaster ! We all delight
To honor you this New Year's night ;
And, as we live in peace and health,
Should we not give then of our wealth ?
Give freely to the aged—poor—
Who may come tapping at our door ?
This is a duty we all owe,
To neighbor, friend, or maybe foe.

Old Lancaster ! Traditions claim
That you are not to-day the same
Wigwam you were when, once anon,
You first met "Ground-Rent" Hamilton ;
Who drew the town from Postlethwaite
To "Hazel Swamp"—his own estate—
But be that as the records say,
To "Roaring Brook" you came to stay.

Old Lancaster ! Turn back the dial,
And as we stroll a little while
Around the far-famed "Hick'ry Tree"
Together we, perchance, may see
The once-familiar "Gibson Inn."
Where "Hick'ry Indians" got their gin ;
Where trappers came from "Harris' Ferry,"
To ply their trade, and then grow merry.

THE CONESTOGA AND BATHING RESORTS

SEE PAGE 49

Old Lancaster! Come, tell us how
The "Paxton boys" got in a row?
Of how they entered the old jail?
(Ah, but oh! it's a gruesome tale.)
Of how they broke the door and lock,
And there scalped Indian "Billy Soc."
Now of that fatal, far-off time,
We close the scene, we draw the line.

Old Lancaster! Yes, pretty well
You've held this town within your spell,
Since you helped drive King George's band
Out of this town—out of this land.
'Twas after independence came
That patriots revered your name,
In all that tends to elevate,
Our good, old city, county, great.

Old Lancaster ! Your old-time name
Among us here will e'er remain
As fresh and green, as firm and true,
As when it was first given you.
Other names are worth possessing,
Others still have proved a blessing ;
But of the many, we prefer
The good old name of Lancaster.

Old Lancaster ! Your name's been found
Among old treasures, here around ;
On Indian deeds, dim from age—
It has been seen on ev'ry page.
We find it here, we find it there—
We find it almost ev'rywhere—
The brightest, fairest, dearest, name
That ever brought a people fame.

WHEATLAND. HOME OF PRESIDENT JAMES BUCHANAN

SEE PAGE 63

Old Lancaster! City, county,
What a kind, heavenly bounty
Dame Nature has spread near and far,
All within reach of trolley car.
Rich in all blessings which should make
A people proud, contented, great;
Not alone in temporal things,
But for what the near future brings.

Alas! And would some other name
To all of us be just the same?
Oh, bless you, No! for 'round it twines
Fond memories of other times—
When we together, girls and boys,
Would mingle in our childish joys,
Without the fear of Judge or Court
To break in on our youthful sport.

Old Lancaster! Need it be said,
We love the spot where rest the dead!
Where thousands lie who once were here,
To gladden homes in every sphere.
We love "Old Woodward," where, below,
The Conestoga's waters flow,
As they go winding gently 'round!
Surely, this is hallowed ground!

Oh, famous, joyful, boyish stream!
To me such it will ever seem;
As 'neath its trees in other days
I strolled along in dubious ways.
I stood and watched the "Packet-boat,"
As it came speeding, all afloat,
To "Reigart's Landing"—Ah, but oh!
This was so many years ago.

Old Lancaster ! Your name alone
Has found a place in every home ;
A name beloved in other climes—
The same as in my simple rhymes.
Yes ; down the ages it will roll,
A sweet harbinger to the soul ;
Telling of deeds that man has done,
Of battles lost, of victories won.

Old Lancaster ! If you were here,
To speak, to whisper in our ear,
Some old-time song that once was sung
In early days when you were young—
A song, perchance, two centuries old—
As priceless as if carved in gold—
Ah ! you are here, in name at least,
To join in this historic feast.

SUSQUEHANNA AND ROUND TOP FROM CHICKIE'S ROCK.

SEE PAGE 69

Old Lancaster ! What would you be
Without a woman's charity ?
The mothers who, in times of need,
Spread forth with tears the loving seed,
As they stepped from their lowly sphere
Some poor, young soldier's heart to cheer—
When boys in "blue" so quietly
Went forth to fight for liberty.

And now, old town, you've ever been
To us a royal diadem ;
When Hope, was sinking in dismay,
And gloom obscured each parting day—
When cannons roared from shore to shore—
And brought dismay to ev'ry door—
'Twas then the name of Lancaster
Shone brightly forth without a blur.

Old Lancaster ! How thankful we
That no widespread calamity
Has rent or torn this town in twain,
By fire, rain or hurricane.
Of course, you've had your ups and downs,
The same as those of other towns ;
But this one place—much favored spot !
How free from these has been your lot !

Financial troubles we have had,
But these were not one-half as bad
As holocaust and fiery blast
That other towns have over cast.
So let us, then, our voices raise,
In earnest words, Jehovah praise,
For all the things we now possess—
For peace and plenty, happiness.

SHIPPEN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, LANCASTER, PA.

Old Lancaster! Can you us tell
Where this or that man used to dwell,
Out of the turmoil, anger, strife,
Of this twent'eth century life?
And now, from past, eventful times,
Think, as you ponder o'er these rhymes,
Of what a glorious legacy
Was handed down for you and me.

Old inland town! Who can predict,
Or issue forth a new edict,
Of what in future may occur
To this old town of Lancaster?
But whatever may be its fate,
It surely is not yet too late
To take a hand—to make a stir
For a new and better Lancaster.

Old Lancaster! We have some things
Which new invention always brings—
The motor-car and the auto
That 'long our streets a-speeding go.
We have our "Rossmere" Base-ball team,
Unknown to you, it would now seem,
When "Shinny," "Town" and "Corner-ball"
Were all the go in spring and fall.

Besides clear water now to drink,
We have our Peoples' skating rink;
And best of all, our Rocky Springs
'Round which the heart in summer clings.
We have our "Iris" and "Clio,"
To which the literati go;
We have our Christian workers, too,
With hearts and hands to dare and do.

Old Lancaster! You've welcomed here
The stranger from every sphere;
The young, the old, the rich and poor—
All these have come and many more.
They came from Scotland's Bonnie land—
From England and from Ireland—
From "Fatherland"—old Germany—
They came to this our good county.

And as they came from far and near—
Dropping behind, perchance, a tear=
They brought to this old Lancaster
Both enterprise and character.
So, let them in the future come—
We bid them all hearty welcome
To this conservative old town,
Where men have gained honor, renown.

THE PEQUEA, LANCASTER COUNTY

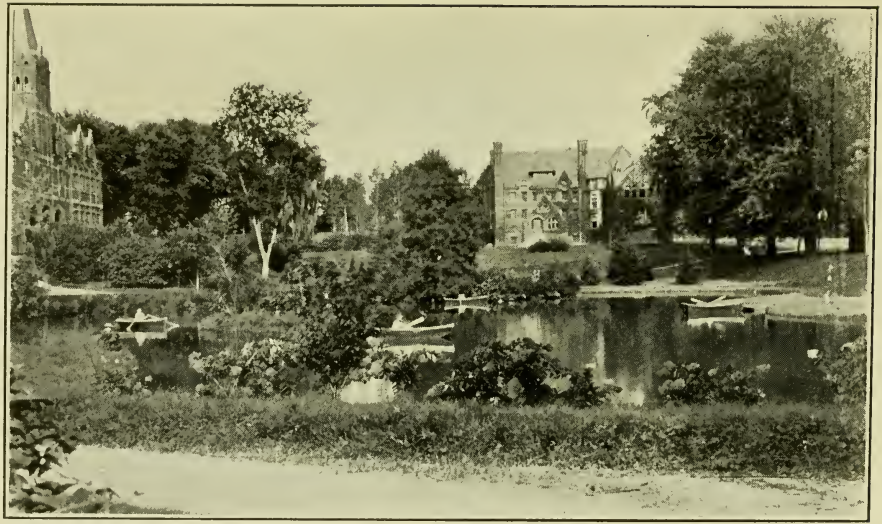
SEE PAGE 67

Old Lancaster ! In many ways,
How dear you seemed in youthful days,
Ere grown up doubts and fatal fears
Had crept upon us with the years.
Yes ; those were days when we planned,
As we some time-worn volume scanned—
An old souvenir—one of the few
From which we inspiration drew.

Oh, those were happy days of youth
When mothers taught precepts of truth,
As by the old fat-lamp we sat,
In many a home—familiar chat.
But times have changed, as we all know ;
Our boys and girls, they come and go—
The monarchs of all they survey—
For coming troubles, what care they ?

Old Lancaster ! It may be said,
The Continental Congress fled
From Philadelphia in dismay
To this old town, without delay.
For a short time it lingered here,
Full of doubt and anxious fear ;
But ah, alas ! the story's old,
As many a time it has been told.

And later on ; note well the time—
In seventeen hundred, ninety-nine—
The Legislature of this State
Met here, her laws to formulate.
'Twas then, in this young, growing town
That men of learning and renown
Gave of their store of wisdom's wealth
To this our glorious Commonwealth.



THE MILLERSVILLE NORMAL SCHOOL

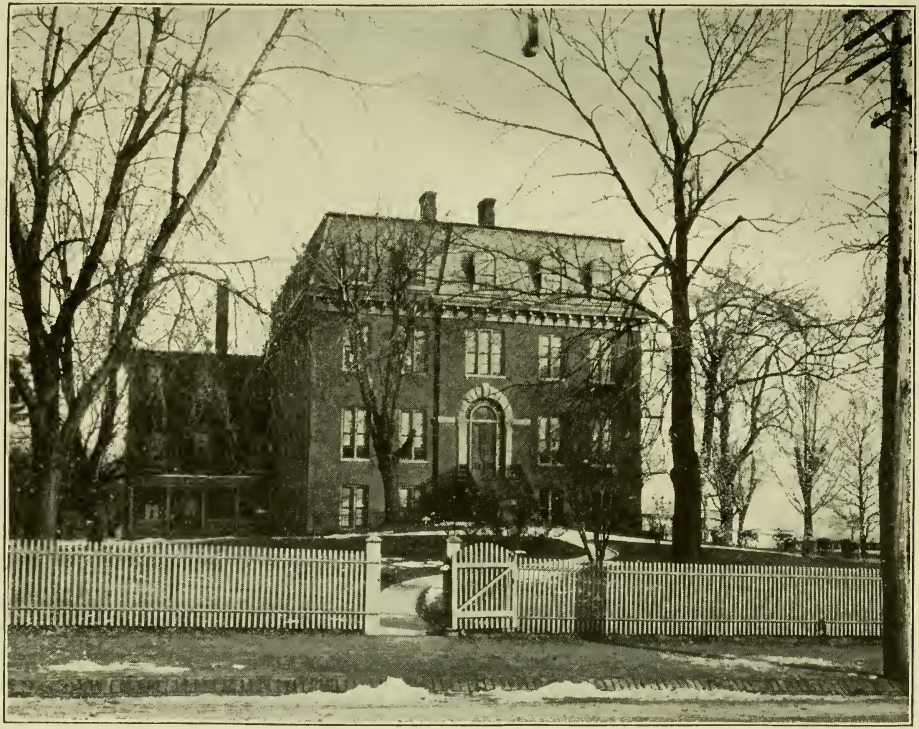
SEE PAGE 69

Old-time city ! It's up to you
To tell us why so slow you grew
Before the first steam engine came
To give new lustre to your name.
'Twas 'long about in thirty-three
'Twas your good fortune first to see
Old "Johnny Bull"—some knew him well
By ring of his metallic bell.

'Twas then the "Conestoga" team
Was destined to give 'way to steam,
As steam itself is soon to be
Supplanted by 'lectricity.
So moves the town from Old to New,
With past predictions coming true
That Lancaster, at first so slow
Is bound to spread—is sure to grow.

Old Lancaster ! Can we forget,
When fifty years ago we met
The watchman on his lonely beat
As he tramped 'long with weary feet ?
We've heard his rattle's piercing sound,
As o'er the town he went his round.
Calling out the hours of the night,
Until the morning's early light.

We've listened to his trite-worn song
As he came slowly jogging on—
'Twas music of a plaintive kind,
That still comes tapping at the mind.
But "Johnny" watchman, you're no more,
To bang your cane 'gainst ev'ry door ;
Your day has passed ; no more we hear
The calling in of each new year.



CHILDREN'S HOME

SEE PAGE 75

Old Lancaster! Where shall we find
Your old town pumps of ev'ry kind?
Wells, which in olden days were here
To hold the place with ale and beer.
'Twas then bacteria was unknown,
In this shire of healthy tone;
For surgeons seldom used the knife,
To save, or may be, to lose a life.

Ah, one word more. Now don't demur,
But tell us who the doubters were,
Who said that when the gas-pipes came,
The town would disappear in flame?
And when they built the reservoir,
Oh, bless us, what a wild uproar!
Some said the mains were bound to burst,
With nothing left to quench the thirst.

Old Lancaster! Proud may we be
Of your legal fraternity;
For many years your Bar's maintained
That high standard it once attained.
It's given us a president,
And to the Halls of Congress sent
A Stevens, in the Country's cause
In helping make the Nation's laws.

Your Judges too; needs more be said
Of the living or of the dead?
Their honored names will rest secure
As long as Courts of Law endure.
So, may the Bar ever retain
Its olden-time, historic name;
A name bequeathed—handed down
From remote times—to this *new* town.

HANS HERR HOUSE, WEST LAMPETER, LANCASTER CO., PA.

SEE PAGE 79

Old Lancaster! Your name's been used,
But seldom has it been abused
To gratify a selfish wish
By men when moved by avarice.
Six times a week it doth appear,
On sprightly papers printed here—
Giving the columns of the Press—
A certain tone of cheerfulness.

The papers! Who would undertake,
At this late day to underrate
The vast amount of good they've done
For this old town—for old and young?
And as in years gone by they stood
For justice and the public good—
So may they in the future be,
The safeguards of our liberty.

Old Lancaster! We love your streams,
Which glisten 'neath the noon's sunbeams
As onward through the land they glide,
The farmers' friend—the poets' pride.
We love your Chickies and Pequea,
As circling 'round, they go their way—
The same to-day as years before
The white man came from foreign shore.

Here, on these acres men have thrived,
As blessings came and multiplied;
Here, on these nine-hundred square miles,
The sun in splendor ever smiles.
'Twas here the "English," "Scotch" and
"Dutch"—
The "Welsh" and "Quakers," came in touch,
With Nature in her wildest form—
In years of sunshine and of storm.

ROBERT FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE. FULTON TOWNSHIP.

SEE PAGE 85

Old Lancaster! Not here alone
Is where your old-time name is known;
From Susquehanna's lofty hills—
To Octoraro's homes and mills—
Southward from the Lebanon line
We find your agricultural "mine"
Of rural homes with barns well filled,
By farmers who the soil have tilled.

Go where one will by night or day,
O'er this "Garden of America."
And he is ever sure to find
Blessings rich of every kind.
Six hundred schools are planted here;
And they are growing year by year;
With Millersville the fountain-head
Of light and knowledge, widely spread.

Old Lancaster ! It would appear,
You're growing younger year by year ;
Your old landmarks ! Oh, where are they ?
Your first abodes of brick and clay !
Ah, mark the spots where once they stood—
Lone habitats of stone or wood ;
Along our streets but few remain,
To perpetuate your good name.

Yes ; one by one they've disappeared,
And in their places have been reared—
The stately church with tow'ring dome—
The modern architectural home.
Here, along each broad thoroughfare.
Leading directly to Penn's Square,
Are stores more handsome in design,
Than those which marked "Ye olden time."

HON. W. U. HENSEL'S BIRTHPLACE, QUARRYVILLE, PA.

SEE PAGE 85

Old Lancaster! You, as our guide,
Come, tell us of old "Whitsuntide"
When country cousins came to see
The sights of our good old city?
Do you recall "Battalion-Day"
When at some pleasant time in May,
Ev'ry old nag of ling'ring age,
Was made to join the equipage?

Oh, 'twas a glorious escapade
That men on horseback yearly made
To win the prize for some old mare,
With barreled ribs both lean and spare.
Yes; 'twas the time of all the year,
When troopers came all rushing here,
Each pushing, striving for the lead
On his ramshackle, prancing steed.

Old Lancaster! 'Mong other things
Which memory oftentimes brings
Is "Old Franklin Academy,"
And where it stood in fifty-three.
See how it's prospered, how it's grown,
Giving this town its healthy tone,
As, far out in the "Western End"
It stands a living monument.

And further East, on South Ann street
We hear the tramp of little feet—
Of "homeless" ones—how came they here
Under a woman's loving care!
If you would know how this "Home" came
To glorify a mother's name,
Go, ask among the living few
And they will tell her name to you.

OAK HILL, PARADISE. HOME OF JUSTICE J. HAY BROWN.

SEE PAGE 89

Old Lancaster! Few of us know,
'Twas back a century ago,
When you assumed the dignity
Of a proud municipality.
How many years have passed away,
Since that early, historic day,
When John Passmore, a man of state
Became your first chief Magistrate.

So let us then with one acclaim
Prepare to honor your fair name.
Just one decade—it won't be long
When men will join in mirth and song;
For few old towns, however great,
Have reached the age to celebrate
One full, long-lived century
Of their far-back nativity.

And now kind reader, you who came,
To this shire-town for wealth or fame—
Let's pass beyond its daily strife,
Back to your early, rural life.
Turn where one may 'mid fields of green,
The "double-deckers" may be seen—
Some built of wood, others of stone—
And yet they stand not here alone.

Close by a barn with weather-vane,
You'll find a dwelling just the same
As when a thrifty pioneer—
With heart of steel first landed here.
Glance up and you will see engraved,
On wooden lintel, deeply carved,
The name of Mennonite, Hans Herr,
Who came to this—now Lampeter.

SISTER AND SAAL HOUSE. THE "KLOSTER" EPHRATA, PA.

SEE PAGE 91

Note well the date above the door,
Go, stroll within upon the floor
Of oaken slabs—with windows low—
Built nigh two centuries ago.
'Twas in this lowly, rural home
Contentedly he lived alone;
For neighbors then—unlike to-day,
Were very few and far away.

So let the boys cling to the farm,
Around about which rests a charm;
For peace, contentment, after all
Are to be found close to the soil.
Here, amid fields of golden grain,
Our farmers' sons should e'er remain,
Happy in youth—proud in old age,
Recipients of an heritage.

Now as we pass to other scenes,
Spread out along the rippling streams,
We reach Strasburg—we knew it well—
'Way back—how far—but few can tell.
'Twas 'long about in fifty-eight,
As near as we can calculate,
That here a village school we taught—
(Yet this is but an after thought).

Here stands old Massasoit hall,
Wherein, as some can yet recall,
The *elite*, with their wealth of lore,
Met in the years before the war.
'Twas in this town the "Strasburg Bee"
And "M'Carters" Academy,
Were at all times a fruitful source
Of pleasurable intercourse.

LINDEN HALL SEMINARY, LITITZ, PA.

SEE PAGE 93

And now we are at Quarryville,
No City set upon a hill;
And yet a town that bears a name
That is not all unknown to fame.
For much renown its sons have won,
For what they are and what they've done;
And frankly those we foremost place,
Are of the Hensel blood and race.

And as we reach the "Southern-End,"
With some old-time, familiar friend—
There comes to mind—for it's been said,
"This is our Fulton's Old Homestead."
It's just a hundred years ago,
When doubters said, "We told you so;"
But still the "Clermont" bent its way,
Past "Tarry Town" to Albany.

We say farewell to Dixon's line,
Over which, in the good old time,
The Quakers and Lord Baltimore
Got mixed up in quite an uproar.
Now as we pass Drumore's domain,
Recalling David Ramsay's name,
We reach the Gap, then Paradise,
For which a few lines must suffice.

'Twas here a band of Huguenots
First settled down on scattered plots—
Of timbered tracts, which, in our day,
Lay smiling, 'side the old Pequea.
Strolling this town where "Justice" rules,
Its churches and its public schools—
We leave behind, perchance, a tear
For old-time friends who once were here.

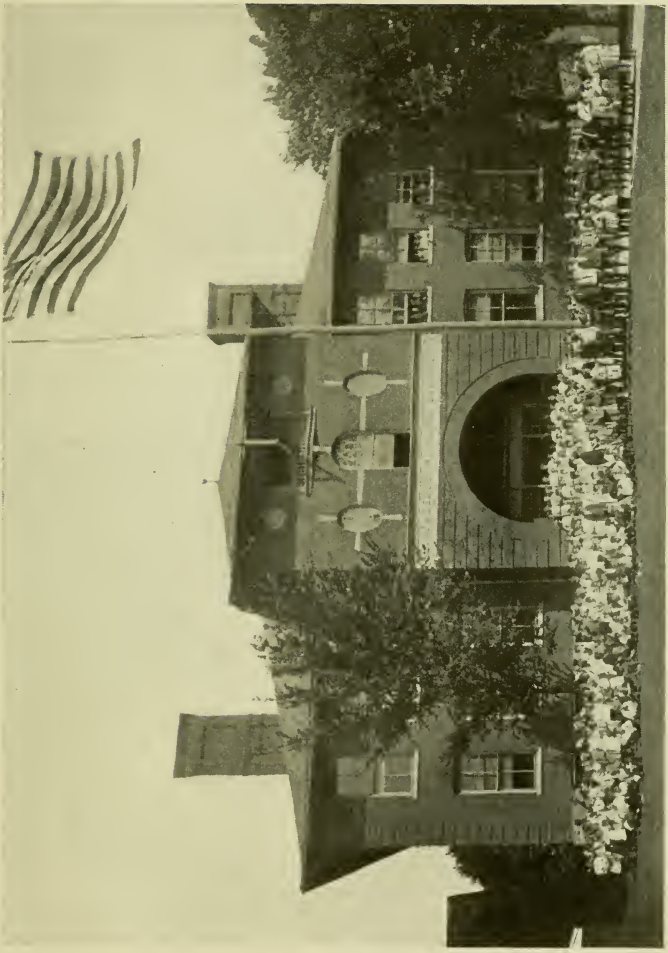
CHURCH OF THE "FEAST OF THE ROSES," MANHEIM, PA. SEE PAGE 95

Old-time friends! No more we see,
Under the spreading "Witmer-tree,"
Those loved ones we used to know
In other days of long ago.
Yet on a broad, wide sloping plain,
There stands a mansion, just the same,
As when, 'way back in fifty-three,
We knew it in our infancy.

Some miles beyond, we reach the "Earls"
Which glisten forth like gems of pearls;
For here the Dieffenderfers came—
And here old "David's" well-known name,
Will live revered, will rest secure,
As long as time and sun endure;
In him we see what men can do,
When thrilled by love of country, true.

Read well the story of his life—
Of how, in Revolutionary strife—
He battled for his Country's cause
Against King George's ancient laws.
And later on when he returned,
With patriotic honors earned,
We find him cheerful, happy, free,
Under a rescued country.

And further on, o'er fertile plains
Made spring-like by the gentle rains—
We reach the town of Ephrata,
Where Conrad Beissel once held sway.
Here, in the "Kloster"—"Dunkertown,"
The German Baptists settled down,
To live alone—to ascertain,
The truths the good Book might contain.



MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING, MARIETTA, PA.

SEE PAGE 95

Now, as we reach the Lititz Springs—
What anxious thoughts sweet mem'ry brings,
Of old "John Beck"—of "Linden Hall"—
The grave-yard, with its cedars tall.
In this Moravian town of old,
Count Zinzendorf--we have been told—
Came in seventeen-'forty-three,
To plant Religious Liberty.

A few miles west, we reach the plot,
Where Baron Stiegel cast his lot—
In "Dutch" Manheim, where men repose
Under the perfumed, June "Red Rose."
Yes—once a year the gathered hosts,
Flock to this town to offer toasts,
To one whose wonderful career,
Is celebrated once each year.

If you would know the mystery,
Of Baron Stiegel's history—
Of how, by deed, demand is made—
That "One Red Rose" be yearly paid—
Of how, in eighteen-'ninety-one—
The "Feast of Roses" was begun—
Go, in the early month of June,
And with the Stiegel heirs commune.

O'er "Chickie's Rock" we wend our way,
To Marietta—happy day,
For the raftsmen, whose arks galore,
Were anchored by the river's shore.
From this staid town we go in search
Of Donegal's historic Church,
Where the "Scotch-Irish" settled down,
In years gone by, near "Old Maytown."

THE WRIGHT HOUSE, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN COLUMBIA, PA. SEE PAGE 97

Now to Columbia's river-banks,
We end our journey, giving thanks
To one who lingers yet 'mong men—
Our county's great historian.
Columbia ! How near you came
To gain the prize—historic fame—
But owing to John Wright's defeat
You failed to gain the County-seat.

But this was many years ago,
When you were young and slow to grow ;
Since then, remindful of the past,
You've ever stood firm and steadfast.
In days of your adversity—
In years of your prosperity—
The name of good old Quaker Wright,
Has shown forth as your beacon light.

And now, as friends, from time to time,
Scan these pages o'er, line by line,
It's hoped that they may, in their way,
Some precept teach each coming day—
In leading city and county
Up to their future destiny ;
For here, within "God's promised land"
Are fortunes for the toiler's hand.

Seek not in far-off fields to roam—
Invest your money here at home—
Avoid the tempter's bland appeal,
In favor of a "gold-brick-deal."
For after all it's honest toil
That reaps a fortune from the soil—
And no Promoter's suave advice
Can match your "Earthly Paradise."

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